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Dignity and a cheerful dis-
position seldom harmonize.

THE

WILD POET'S REST;

OR, A SHORT SERIES OF

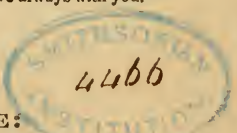
ESSAYS, MEDITATIONS, POEMS, ETC.

BY

MRS. FRANCES F. MATTESON.

O'er sorrows long and sore I wept,
Screen'd by an honest, humble pride;
For Pity, gentle maid, was deaf,
And o'er our woes the world will chide.

"The poor ye have always with you."



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BY MRS. FRANCES F. MATTESON,

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INTRODUCTION.

My presumption in selecting the title for this little work was from the consideration of the circumstances connected with its existence.

Wearied with completing a volume which I was about to have published, I had determined upon a rest for my mind, thinking it might prove beneficial to my health; and in the following four weeks this work, with the exception of the "Reminiscences of Youth" and "Contemplating a Divorce," was consummated. The two poems above named were among the first of my feeble efforts. The only merit in them is the true picture of the circumstances they are designed to portray, without any claim to beauty of illustration. Aware that Merit is a preposterous height for Genius to soar upon, yet, while her own unfledged pinions are free, may she not venture, even should not her talent multiply an hundred fold?

THE WILD POET'S REST.

CONTEMPLATION.

I look not over space to blank
That Time has left behind;
Yet on the present linger still—
To future half inclined.

Still, I would retrospective turn
To gaze while memory thrills;
For something in the lurking past
My heart can cherish still.

I love to linger where those friends
My aching heart have blest;
Where those I loved and cherished most
My youthful form caress'd.

When all the sunshine of my youth
Is shrouded in the past,
Jesus will light my soul with love—
My burden there I 'll cast.

Then shout Hosannah to the Lamb
That bought redeeming love;
Christ for redemption shed his blood—
'Tis registered above.

REMINISCENCES OF YOUTH.

I WILL tell you where learning first entered my brain,
Where Fancy, so ruthless, first built her domain;
And I 'll tell you some truths—where I was first taught,
And the knowledge from home stock I with me had brought;
And I 'll tell for learning how I made amends,
For I labored for teaching and cost of my pens:
Yes, for learning was scarce, and came hard, 'tis true,
For I trod in the wild path as the natives withdrew.
Orthography I learned from Webster's old book,
Although it was pick'd up by hook and by crook;
Alexander's my grammar—yet here was my woe;
For, if I learned grammar, how could I spin tow?*
This book was my bane, and near took my life;
For to read it and study I kept up a strife.

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* The usual occupation of country maidens.

Then writing was bad—should a girl learn to write,
When she to some banquet her love might invite?
"Oh yes," said my father; "she's our first-born,
'tis true,
And it will lessen the care that devolves upon
you."
For my mother had learning that turned to account,
So in selling and settling she got the amount.
My father in store had a very old book,
Some heir-loom concern, from a very old nook;
There was in it waste paper, accounts, and the like,
And for this old crony I made a bold strike.
I first copied verses, wrote letters, and such,
And of this old ledger contrived to make much.
I was nurse to the children, the pigs often fed,
And, for lack of a gardener, my portion I wed.
I drove up the cows after twisting the yarn,
And the sheep always safely I locked in the barn.
Then, as evening approached, on some landscape I
gazed,
Till my head would turn giddy in wild Fancy's maze.
Then I turned to my flowers as evening appeared,
And next to the heavens all my energies reared.
I fancied, like brothers and sisters and friends,
Those stars had their pastimes—and I oft made
amends

For some bright one, whose absence for months I would mourn,
And then would rejoice as the truant returned.
I read of my Saviour in each herb and flower,
And the glad song of nature was sung in my bower;
For each bird that carol'd his wild notes so free
Brought joy to my heart—O ! 'twas music for me.
At length all my fancies from childhood were changed,
And through the green forests of wild youth I ranged;
Not reckless, or heedless, or thoughtless, in truth,
Yet had all the wild fancies, if not follies of youth.
I roved not regardless of thorns in my path;
Still I fled from their wounds and smothered my wrath.
This love for all nature was a fancy of mine—
A waif of delusion, and nothing sublime;
For the day was not distant, and forced its way through,
When despair lent its pall to hide hope from my view.
For I wedded, alas ! and sorrow was joined
In the same list with gladness—and this was purloined—

Little thinking, indeed, that I wedded with grief,
Yet the time left for hope, I must say, was but brief.
All nature seemed changed: 'twas a wane harvest moon,
And I oft fancied midnight approaching at noon.
All nature seemed clothed in the rags of dismay,
For the bright autumn tints were turned to decay.
Then winter approached, so languid and drear
That food, fire and bev'rage ne'er listed of cheer;
For the chill frosts of love had congealed all the soul,
While sorrow had bar'd out affection's control.
I sought for relief in the frost glist'ning air,
And look'd to find hope in the solace of prayer;
But all nature seemed barren—the frost lock'd each rill,
And the grand snow-capt forest waved proud on the hill;
The clouds roll'd on, sullen—the snow noiseless fell,
And furnished a death-robe for forest and dell.
At length April showers unlock'd nature's chest,
And the flowers of May received their behest;
Yet deep boding sorrow hung over my head,
Suspended and dangling on one brittle thread,

My frail bark was launched on the broad stream
of time,
And the sure knell to future, was tolling its chime,
In unfathomable depths, and no anchor for hope,
Yet no buoyant heart with mine here could scope.
I toiled on, regardless of fortune or fate,
The victim of hatred, yet I could not hate.
Soon I was a mother—then, in sad mingling train,
Came my fondest affections and hopes to maintain.
One dwindled away, while the other in might
Grew—the pride of my soul, my joy and delight.
While caressing this babe, my fancies oft flew,
To the scenes when in years he to manhood had
grew;
I hastened through infancy, childhood and youth,
And joyed in my heart that the paths led to truth.
Yet often, indeed, my hopes met some blight—
Still I nerved to my task, and brought in my
mite;
I oft nursed in sickness, and tears often dried,
Yet a cold sparing hand my own wants supplied.
I was called Good Samaritan, though a mania
behest,
And though I oft nursed in sickness, the tasty I
dressed,

To one talked of fashions, the next cheered with hope,
For no sorrowful bodings with my mind's peace could scope;
But oft 'twas my frail wish, outstripped by relief,
Which would come quite unlooked for, but I must be brief,
For this talking and thinking of scenes that's gone by,
Brings pain to the heart and tears to the eye.

ESSAY.

Some strange presentiment prompts me to proclaim
My injured innocence—'tis not the love of fame—
Fame o'er my cradle a misty curtain drew,
To eclipse my glory e'er I admiration knew:
Yet, love of Nature, which was by birth-right mine,
Grew with my growth, and flourished at my prime,
Each beauty of nature and of art I scan'd,
And all the schemes for future greatness plan'd;
But sorrowing mishaps brimed my cup of woe,
And to hide misfortune now, dismay may throw:
I feel to condemn this unwary infamous blight,
And with equal combatants would join in equal fight.

Nay, let me contend not with murmuring, fell despair
For demons rashly beat the fœtid air.
Were the world all sunshine, it would bind us here too long—
At least its trappings would our hearts enthrong.
Sorrows are gentle schoolings for the eternal world,
For those to whom brighter glory God will there unfold,
Despair is the mother of many a darling sin,
Dormant still gropes to let the tempter in,
I glory in retirement, yet friends to save,
I'd wake slumbering energy from retirements grave;
My life has much of joy not from social converse riven,
But from cloudless obscurity which discloses heaven.
If face brighteneth face, and friends reflect this sheen
'Tis too bright for me and would create a spleen;
I would with equal lustre have all virtue shine,
And all social intercourse, I would wish divine;
But varying scenes must varying truths impart,
And learn us to know what leaves the head
does not always reach the heart.

Mankind are based on subtlety and skill,
But reason and justice should our bosoms thrill.
What fruit would grow from this vegetating state,
If truth and justice on its branches sat?
What matters if none do here imperial shine
If they secure the glory that will prove divine?
But ah! it is a matter, and more a boast than strife,
That a goodly influence we portray through life.
Worth on an eminence disclaims her regal sway,
And shuns the greatness which she might portray,
'Tis hers as captives to bind the most worthy good,
And spread their influence as the deluging flood,
Thus to raise the fallen, lend sympathy to distress,
And their Maker's image on each heart impress.
But pride and weakness are e'er checks upon the good,
To steal from their precints this refreshing flood.
'Tis weakness in a woman, in a man 'tis pride,
The first we should pity, the other may deride.
I feel this day, that I have wiser grown—
Yea weaker and wiser, for every moment flown;
For faith keeps pace with all our hopes and fears,
And on time's disappointment some new fancy rears.

I feel the just accountability of time,
That each month, each day, each hour may not be mine,
Yea, feel each burthened hour, o'erwhelm each other,
With relentless power to become a mother,
To force the young offspring on our fostering care,
To be fraught for succession with some talents rare;
Feel too 'twere safer to abide in some lone haunts
That fortune had defended from our various wants.
Although through selfishness, we God's works would scan,
In all his relations he is just to man;
And though at times some clouds may loom above my path
I shall not infer that I deserve God's wrath.
I feel I owe it to universal will,
That while scanned, that I as while scanning should stand still,
And while o'er creation, I my contemplation throw,
A generous sympathy through my heart should flow,

I do not complain that I'm condemned by fate,
To occupy the lengthened shadow of the great;
Enough that I still occupy a space,
And in that occupation blessed with grace,
With patience, though weak, and magnanimity and
love,
Each act of Omnipotence to still approve.
I feel how sadly I have been condemned,
Feel, too, some latent good is lurking at the end,
For man is not in penance doomed to bow,
Or tear from his heart his holiest vow.
I would not envy, it would not be brave,
For envy in the humble would but show a knave;
Yet oft, like some avarice, swells a heart's desire—
'Tis to be like the patient godly I'd aspire,
And yield to God's grace to point my course,
For kingdom, or righteousness, will not be taken
by force.
Who would draw distinctions between love and
hate,
To see what nice discriminations fools can make?
Or who'll decide who trespass on this vast estate,
He that with a rapture loves, or with a vengeance
hates?
Although love is weakness, yet it vengeance takes,

And hatred, malignant, oft for faults entreats.
Woe to the scourge that binds the human heart,
And woe to the justice prejudice imparts,
No vengeance lies in the decrees of God
'Tis man to chasten with avenging rod.
God throws His sunshine on the evil and on the good,
And in blest effusion sends the fertilizing flood,
And although in chastising he may seem severe,
At mercy's fountain He will still be near ;
'Tis only justly he can chastisements deal,
And through clouds and darkness He will love reveal.
But we're moving onward to an humbler space,
To yield the conflict to another race.
I rejoice that God is the propelling power,
That time and its changes are only by the hour,
To-day we have, to-morrow is not in time,
Till onward propelled, by the repeating chime.
To all those changes I patiently submit,
I am but an atom, my God is Infinite,
Although much there is, we cannot comprehend,
We feel his wisdom will to some good portend.
Let Christians all their daily movements scan,
Are they conscientious between man and man.

HAPPINESS AND FRIENDSHIP.

Vain happiness! for which these toiling millions strive—how hast thou wrought thy votaries to deceive, arrayed in all the glittering pomp of wealth. Blessed with the signet ring of sure emolument, friendship may smile, and love may lend a richer hue to the radiant beaming hopes, the eye flash out its fire as if from heaven, lit up to rapturous blaze, yet if no glad response reflects it back, 'tis shorn of nature's gift. And who has sought the joys of earth, and did not find it vain to win them here below? who saw his wealth as it were to increase in heaps around him and found the happiness he prized? and who that has in holy friendship bound his heart, that did not feel some link divide or chord relax that told him it was mortal? Yea, vain are our hopes of happiness on earth. Of all the joys that prop our pining natures here, and buoy us up amid the world's rude tempest tossed, the glowing mind, prolific source, is surest solace.

Fortune may frown, friendship may cease to

twine its loving tendrils around our hearts, the angry billows of the world's rude storm may surge about us; envy, jealousy and hate may lurk like the deadly assassin, health wane, and all the accumulated ills of life may cluster near. Yet, the prolific mind, sweet solace of our weary days and sleepless nights, like morning breezes, still play so listless o'er imagination's will; to warm to life that little hope that prostrate lies—yet, when aroused to feed on anticipation's joys, knows no purer sphere than within its own pent cells to rest, save to its God to soar; then, quiet turning, looks with admiration's holy, venerating love on all his works, with pure devotion which comes refined from thoughts that rush as armies come, yet quiet as the zephyr breeze that fans his humble brow, and wafts his prayer to God.

THE POET FIRE.

There's a beauty in all
  By the rays of that fire,
Where Nature's rich promptings,
  The Poet inspire.

The flowret may claim
  Admiration, 'tis true;
The gem and the casket
  Present something new.

But the treasures of life
  Must come pure from the mind,
By wisdom well guided,
  By truth more refined.

There's a bright halo sheen,
  In the Poet's true fire;
Which makes men and angels
  All strike the same lyre.

PRIDE.

Pride's the greatest weakness we in man behold,
Though man in God's image, yet 'tis plain foretold,
Pride in our natures a larger share portrays,
And all the purer qualities of the man outweighs.
And yet, why wonder that man is prone to pride,
When with true greatness 'tis so near allied.
The good will o'er their labors exulting prove,
They claim a share of unrequited love;
Yea, and the quaint, the meekest, quietest, best,
Will seek applause, and on Pride's pinions rest.
The village President in pride o'erlooks the town,
And the Parson, for dignity, wears the richest gown.
The Dandy, wisdom would by Pride portray,
The School-master in Pride, rules with arbitrary sway—
The Christian devotee, proud of his humble walk,
And the loquacious Lawyer, proud of his saucy talk—
The Physician, arrogant, boasts his cures to prove,
And doats with pride on those his practice love.

The Maiden's pride her toilet to complete,
The Matron's proud that she is still discreet.
Others have haughty Pride, to sin and vanity allied,
Some from want of wisdom are with Pride supplied,
Heir to such follies, man is vain to boast,
When his redemption is at such enormous cost,
With talent sufficient, to see all good, and prize,
He feels it weakness to study to be wise;
But his better nature under sin was lost,
And all his pure emotions as a tempest tossed;
Why wonder, then, a perverse self-conceit
Should all the beauty of his life defeat.
He grasps at the present, as temptation wills,
And with rude associations his pure bosom fills;
Pride, envy, hate, and jealousy begin,
Till the whole inner man is paved with sin.
Ruder asssociations accumulate for wealth,
Aspiring avarice, approaching near to stealth,
With overreaching, grasping energy severe,
Approached to deeds of daring without a conscious fear;
Some character from modest hints traduce,
Others, more reckless, will follow up abuse—

But, Justice fills the measure of their designing cup,
And in the pit for others, they are swallowed up.
Oft when you see them to temptation chained,
And of every virtue, find their bosoms drained,
And no co-equal to the round of sin—
Then hideous measures in the soul begin;
And floods of sorrow, oft o'er the conscience roll,
Which, with access to sin, man cannot control,
Then render aid, move the temptation straight,
And with soft emotions the rude mind inflate.
Be gently active, humble, yea, do not boast,
For great profusion is to the subject lost—
First list of friendship, then quiet reach the mind,
From her secret depths, the heart must be inclined.
But, when once led onward, 'tis like a train of thought,
Swelling in floods of whate'er it may be fraught.
Then gently guide, compress, within control,
And sweetning the fountain, purifies the whole;
Onward, still guiding, this gentle stream improve,
And you insure a harvest for Redeeming Love.

ANTICIPATION AND FRAILTIES.

How oft in mind I soar beyond
This world of servile toils,
And through celestial fields of love,
Drink in eternal joys.

Then sadly I respond again
To all the claims of earth;
Where joys unnumbered intervene,
To give our sorrows birth.

Yet disappointments, cares and strife,
Attend our onward course,
And all we love and value here,
Is sunshine at the most.

A season of sacrificing life,
Of hope, disappointment, dread,
With sorrow's daily round of care,
And we are with the dead.

How frail is life, more frail is man,
And frailer still his joys,
Which burst like bubbles in his grasp,
Or cloy like childish toys.

ON THE NATIVITY AND CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

While in Jehovah's bosom Jesus was portrayed,
And his future coming by prophets was essayed;
And when he to mortality, His Son consigned,
And bowed to free will, not limiting his mind—
What majestic meekness o'er this destination moved!
In magnanimity, He parted from the Son He loved;
Trusting mortality to shape His mind and will,
And with Heaven-fraught beauteous love, his soul to fill.
What signal consequence to maternity did God impart,
When he consigned the moulding of a Saviour's heart?
Bow woman, humble in reverence to God!
Thou hast been significant to receive his word
No doubt he destined a mind supremely good,
And in true wisdom, supplied a copious flood;
For woman's sympathies were to Jesus given,
And her true nature bore his soul to heaven.

Nature always in His soul revealed,
He was to his own unerring choice to yield.
At his darkest hours, feel how His God retires,
Puts forth no parent hand, grants no desires;
Lest the spirit in weakness to its earth allied,
Should lose its true beauty, and from its greatness
slide.
See the meek Jesus, in sublimity portrayed,
While in Gethsemane, he agonized and prayed,
Then view him nailed to the shameful cross,
And all the glory of his Father to him lost;
For God through holy love, and agony severe,
Had quenched this halo by his flooding tears.
And Jesus, despairing for the light of love,
Called as if His mercy to his soul to prove,
Roused his Almighty Father, and the rocks were
rent
With the true sympathy in his bosom pent;
Sun, moon, and stars, were instant veiled in night,
Worlds stood in awe, as if convulsed in blight,
But when 'tis finished, in milder strains broke forth,
Heaven resumed its brightness, and the earth its
growth,
Then mourned they, those who loved him most, as
man is mourned,

And in the new sepulchre they his corpse adorned,
Watching by night, that none his body steal,
For the mystery they did to some reveal,
That Jesus should by his resurrection prove
The true magnanimity of redeeming love.
Behold these faithful sisters in sorrow come
To mourn o'er Jesus at his narrow tomb;
But when they find the stone from off the door,
And him that watched, they marvel sore;
But the angel, beckoning, bid them near approach,
And all the napkins with their hands they touch;
Joy fills their bosoms, that Jesus has arisen,
And their redemption is complete in heaven.
Then to the city this joyful news they bring,
Proclaim to all, that Jesus is their King.

A SENTIMENT.

When those who possess the accomplishments and facilities for occupying high stations in society, stoop to ridicule the humble or unfortunate, they set themselves on a grade beneath those they would assail, whatever may be their condition.

ANTICIPATION.

When anticipation ceases to inspire me
And all within is gentle love and truth,
While on meek pinions I rest my efforts,
Then throbs the impulse of my generous youth.

With gentle steps and timid retreating,
I steal me back to linger where,
On Childhood's dreamy wanderings tiring,
I braced my heart against despair.

Then moved with heaven-born inspiration,
I hasten back to my theme again,
And joyful from the world retiring,
In social converse with myself remain;

And with a lively love of nature,
Borne on by hope supremely blessed,
When the quaint murmurings of life are over
I will claim a place where the weary rest.

MORNING CONTEMPLATION.

February 1, 1852.

The sun's bright rays, o'er floods of liquid light, is pouring its soft beams abroad to render genial all beneath its halo soft. And man is rushing forth to bathe in this warm sunshine, and feeds his soul afresh on all the luxuries of a healthful morn. Blessed happiness below, if with a fitting hope, we do but rightly it improve; and, as we seek employment for our hands, and hug to our frail bosoms hope of wealth, of life, of affluence, and feast our eyes on gains, return to God and man, in meekness, what to each is due; and, with grateful hearts, and thankfulness subdued, from avarice free, pursue the great command of God, to earn our bread and amply provide for those he loves, whom he, in holy compliance with our eager wish, has trusted to our care.

How blessed is man, how truly blessed when fell languor lets go her hold, and he feels braced with all the force of love and duty to pursue this honest course. Blessed laboring man, how sweet thy toil, when with a conscious bosom thou art assured that God approves and all thy kindred

dependencies look up to thee, and bless the Providence that placed thee at their head. Then with the conscious prayer canst thou, when day is done, join in the gladsome song of sweet delight, no farther on to seek for Paradise below.

THOUGHTS.

When thoughts come crowding o'er the hill of mind,
Half formed for wisdom and to sin inclined,
Matured and nurtured, when for use they are brought,
Man is with the glory of his nature fraught.
Then springs the well of hope within the soul,
For will to guide and wisdom to control.
Yea, thoughts come flooding the prolific mind,
With beauty radiant, half human, half divine,
Glowing with celestial sublimity and love,
Then who to this world a devotee would prove—
Who would not mount upon the whirlwind's rage,
And ride triumphant o'er the world's cold page,
Or meet death's cold embrace, the monster form,
To be conveyed by angels o'er the earth's rude storm—

To meet the redemption God in wisdom made,
While his magnanimity was to man portrayed?
Who would not join celestial hymns and song,
With the minstrel host that must to heaven belong?
Ah! who would linger here, amid distrust, disdain,
Subject to earth's cold misery and pain.
When each cold heartless joy the world can boast,
Enveloped in redeeming love would be wholly lost.
Nothing here is, but still to tempt and try,
And by meek faith, to prepare for eternity;
Then why, O! ambition, inflate this weary breast?
On hope's meek pinions let me tranquil rest;
With that bright solace e'er before the mind,
And to joys and sorrows equally resigned,
My bosom swelling with naught but love of heaven;
Triumphant o'er grief, from sorrow haply riven.
This world's a dreary wilderness of woe,
Yet from native beauty, by man rendered so,
For sin and transgression is the bane of life—
Man was the author and must share the strife.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

View man when pierced with shafts from misfortune hurled, mayhap, from the bow that's bent by his own hand and unforseen is tipped in lurking mildew's blight from some calamity, perhaps that is hurled to cut him down and blast his hopes, when, too, his bosom may be reft of kindred ties that bound his soul to earth.

Then cluster near, ye conscious bosoms, with sustaining love to buoy his sinking strength, bind up his wounded hopes and bid him live to cheer the dear ones left. Then, too, how suddenly, oft has fate of man reversed and from all the glory of his might and beauty he often sinks down to write no more. Down! yea, down to the lowest depths of degredation, even beneath the brute—yes, far beneath! They in their sphere are moving on to answer to the laws by God ordained for them. But man! well might I stand apalled and raise my face to heaven; man, made in image of his God, divinely fair; blessed with an intellectual strength and all the means of sustenance and claims to greatness, set before his course with bright redeeming love emblazoned always beneath him and the world held in such brilliant hues that none can look beyond, save that they will. Beyond the claims of

love and light, and say to the smothered conscience be still. Then, down, how low! frail man can sink to degredation, till endless torment claim him like a robber from oblivion's darkened depths. In justice to his Son, God could not bid him rise.—That Son who shed his blood on Calvary's cross; who agonizing in conflict between love of life and duty, sweat great drops of blood in Gethsemane, in love to that Spirit, God and Father of this Throne, who made him equal with himself through boundless love. It would blot the page which God ordained a blank from sin, for records of the just, who, through faith in Jesus, with abundant grace had here confessed their faults, and received the sanctifying spirit through hope. It o'er His holy plan would bring dismay; darkness would come, and chaos again resume, for God could not look upon but love, and light, and holy angel songs, and more than mortals here below can of purest joys reveal. Nay he may soar in thought's deep holy musings of the mind, as particles can soar in softest sunshine, to realms where heavenly love is blessed with God's pure presence, but naught beyond this dreamy love and pure devotion to his God, while here on earth, can man endure.

CONTEMPLATING A DIVORCE.

A mother, listless, mourned her fate,
Despair was brooding o'er her breast,
One glimmering star still lingered near,
To give to life its only zest.

It was Hope, thus brightly lit afar,
Still guiding back to peace below;
And, in her radiant hue, she gave
To sorrow's tears their gentle flow.

"I would," she often sighed and said,
"That nature's beauty I might scan;
That I were free to gaze at will,
And felt no slavish fear of man."

So breathed this moaning mother's prayer,
Reclining o'er the moss-grown sill;
Recounting changes time had made,
Till sorrow every nerve would thrill.

Then touched, as if some angel note
Had pierced the cavern of her breast;
Uprise! exert, and earn this prize,
And you once more on earth shall rest.

Contending spirits ne'er can rest,
Nor force the growth of truth and grace,
How e'er compulsion cheat the will,
A boding head will widen space.

"Why linger then," dame nature says,
"And peril all thy hopes below;
And leave a blank to stain with sin,
Where peaceful streams of joy might flow.

Reason says, strike! and rid the breast
Of every burning painful fear;
Yea, sever chains that bind to sin,
And lead thee on in bondage drear.

Convince the world around you're right,
If this within your province comes;
If not, act nobly, persevere,
Let not temptation overcome.

Opposed, we have but to improve
And clear the fount at conscience halls,
For virtue must flow pure from them
Enshrined within these holy walls.

Impotent would I favors claim,
Yea, meekly, too, and humbly bow

Not at vain glory would I aim—
Be sealed in heaven, this solemn vow.

That which is right and just I seek,
I ask no more, in meekness this,
Relying on my Maker's love,
This sacred boon I cannot miss.

WHO IS GOD?

An eternal purpose, an embodiment of thought,
With all the knowledge and power of creation fraught,
His wisdom unbounded, unlimited in space,
The Creator of all, Omnicient God, Redeemer of our race;
God's glory and magnitude all space could fill,
And each pulsation could through nations thrill
In mind he projected establishing a race,
For his honor and glory to occupy his space,
And He saw through wisdom, when He surveyed his plan,
His love must be undying, if He created man;
Worlds in their beauty and purity could move,
Yet, where would be exercise for unbounded love.

He o'er benighted chaos his mandate threw,
And worlds rolled on, resplendent to His view;
Light streamed through appertures at his command,
Day and night were formed by His uplifted hand;
He gave names to each, the sun, moon and stars,
And, pointed a field or open space for Mars,
And all the planets in the heavens ordained,
Some to roll in wonder, some in their spheres remained.
Worlds rolled o'er worlds, above the blue etherial vault of heaven,
Lands, beautiful and broad, from seas were riven,
Vegetation and flowers grew and flourished there;
Fishes sported in the stream, insects flitted in the air,
Birds through the fragrant air soared unfledged alone,
Beasts for use and burthen through the forest roamed,
Yet wisdom saw from the creative will,
For Infinite love and glory yet a void to fill.
A something mightier still, to create a God,
Then the filling up of an unlimited void;
A something impossible with created man,
Should he create him to carry out his plan.

For if he make him like other creatures,—blessed
With larger share of greatness and then to sink to rest—
The image of his glory, as his plan portrayed,
Must sink to oblivion or be eclipsed in shade.
Thus God in perfect majesty a will could have,
Whether man should be perfect or to sin a slave.
These contemplations employing scarce a moment's space,
Man was formed in image of his own celestial grace,
With mate or lovely partner to propogate his kind—
In form both beautiful, though of inordinate mind,
Subject to passion, although within control,
That they might the glory of his scheme unfold.
All creatures were made subservient to man—
For at wisdom's fountain God matured his plan;
In a holy garden magnificent below,
Conferred on them the choice of joy or woe.
Each thing was lovely, a paradise the whole,
And o'er this heaven-born bliss God gave them control.
Examples there of right and wrong were placed;
All things were wholesome—sin suited to their tastes.

Then He issued orders, which to commands would
run,
Designed for posterity, from father down to son:
"Taste not of sin, as good and evil's there—
Sin will bring knowledge—knowledge, death, des-
pair!"
But man, O, man! how fitly wert thou made,
If thy creation redeeming love portrayed;
Designed by God his purpose to fulfil,
And in that designation left at thy will;
Strong, mighty, vast embodiment of thought,
From whence emerged with so much greatness
frought.
All things were formed in beauty most sublime:
Mankind in God's image presented quite divine;
Yet, notwithstanding, they did there transgress,
And by meek sorrow did their faults confess.
Then as God viewed with wondrous powers their
minds,
And how much to sin each had been inclined,
He hurled His stern command in wonder at their
feet
A grave assurance bidding them retreat.
Then, in perfect majesty, God compassion feels,
And since in much mercy with this species deals;

Yearns with compassion over dying man,
Redeems to glory, and finishes His plan;
Brings forth His Son, in His perfections rare,
And to redeeming glory makes him lawful heir;
And by His mercies pleading, his compassion moves,
And implants within him the greatness of His love.
Through nature's pleadings, his whole mind he wrings
With the holy magnitude redeeming love will bring;
Then, with true meekness, grand and awfully sublime,
Jesus becomes a sacrifice, to redeem mankind.
God then to man a limit bounds,
That none o'erstep the precints of these grounds;
That whosoever in faith believing come,
Shall, by repentance meek, find pardon through His Son;
Unites him in the Godhead, Father, Holy Ghost and Son.
A Deity—the Holy Triune God in One.
Thus through the Father, Holy Ghost and Son,
This glorious redemption for man is won.

A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

Cheerful good nature and innocent mirthfulness are the true poetry of religion, as her true, solemn, heart-felt, deep-toned meditations and sincere devotions are the illustrations of all the essentials to the developments of a happy and true reliance, through faith, upon redeeming love. The mercy of God calls forth the most enthusiastic feelings of gratitude and holy veneration that can possibly be awakened in the heart of man; and, when unbiased by bigoted or formal prejudice, lays before us one of the most perfect examples of self-sacrifice and holy love that lies in the nature of man to conceive, human or divine.

When we contemplate that God so loved the world that He gave his Son a ransom for sinners, that whoever believed on Him should have eternal life, and that it was through love, how can we forbear to kindle the vital spark, and at least let it cheer and enliven those who must of necessity be cheered by the enlivening halo about us, or sit under the clouds of our despondency. I will endeavor not to think it haughty pride or bigoted

unbelief. Who can but feel constrained to examine the character of Deity, and who that examines minutely that character, can but be drawn on imperceptibly to the most grateful and humiliating enthusiasm of affection that can be described?—And it is impossible to imagine anything in connection with the contemplation of Jehovah without sensations of awe at once pure and humiliating, and the most substantial conviction of the incapability of our own natures to partake of this unmerited goodness, except in and through his boundless love for man and his self-sacrificing plan of redemption and mercy. Yet, where a continual state of gloom pervades the mind, a person is apt to sink into despondency, and realize very many almost overwhelming doubts with lack of faith and want of vital energy. Whereas the mind falls back from innocent mirthfulness and cheerful railery refreshed, exhilerated, and all its vitality renewed; faith lays hold afresh on the hope set before it, and through atoning grace and pleadings for mercy the whole inner man becomes alive to love and duty. We behold the unlimited mercy and goodness of God, and, as the consoled infant lies upon the bosom of its natural parent, so does

the regenerated soul repose in the sunshine of the righteousness of the Son of God. The Psalmist says our days are few and full of trouble—very many are ready to subscribe to this—and again we read that it is not in the heart of man always to mourn. We should not only manifest a cheerful good nature, by an interchange of those little civilities in which we are apt to claim a pride of personal accomplishments, but, as far as Christian love would approve, help to cheer each other on, and help to lighten the burthens of society; instead of manifesting malevolence, and a disposition to supercede the Christian developments of the mind with a suspecting, envious, uncourteous discrimination of character—and perhaps not only character, but the mere foibles of nature, which might pass unnoticed by the less suspecting.—Who can conscientiously lie down at night and ask God's gracious mercy on all her short-comings through the day—that day which is no more to return to us—and say she has neglected no opportunity of doing good that she was at liberty to improve; no sorrow to assuage, no desponding sinner's heart to cheer and enlighten, no weak sister's heart into which she may infuse consola-

tion, or desponding brother whose burthen she might lighten by associating herself with his sorrows and inviting him to partake of her sympathies, which may remove or help to bear a mountain of sorrow, and thus entertain angels unaware? Remember how liable we are to be deceived, and be aware that Christ says to you, "inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of these, ye have not done it unto me." If you have nothing else in the midst of your abundance, mayhap from embarrassment, how sweet is counsel and gladly acceptable; and how fourfold will the exhaustion from that Benevolent Source be supplied from that everlasting Fountain from whence all our help must come. A kind word many times lightens an overwhelming load of sorrow, and the recipient passes on, perhaps to eternity, with the impression on his heart, to be transferred to the catalogue of promoting events that are to fill the books of immortality.

Suppose the President or Governor should chance to meet you in society—you knew him, yet had no particular acquaintance with him; yet he politely recognized you, and entered upon some familiar civilities—would not you feel it? would

it not be engraven upon your memory? Yet it is from the truly noble we expect civilities and respect, especially if our position is an humble one; yea, from the goodly, wise and great, and the real Christian, may the unfortunate expect the sunshine of charity, sympathy and love.

REFLECTIONS.

Lashed to corruption's utmost blight,
And pinioned every limb and nerve,
Yet controlled within by truth and love,
From which my heart could ne'er swerve.

Borne on o'er Time's sad, dreary waste,
Upheld by God's sustaining grace,
My bursting breast was filled with woe—
Yet in my heart Hope found a space.

Angels would gather round my dreams,
With melodies attune my tongue;
Celestial strains would guide my voice.
And anthems with seraph choirs I sung.

Then would I wake to misery's tears,
And weep till every fount was dry;
Too, with a firm unearthly joy,
I would a heartless world defy.

HOPE.

There is a well within my soul,
Too deep for sorrow's fountain yet,
Where love can hold communion still,
And sin can pay her saddest debt.

A fountain by my Saviour's love
Sank deep within a holy shrine,
Where, laving still for faults and wrongs,
My gladdened spirit strives to shine.

O! could I tell my saddest woes
In voice and accents of that love,
When Jesus bade my soul be still,
And all within by mercy moved;

Once may the selfish murderer die,
And this may end all feud and strife;
He may repent, believe and love,
Yet will his wretched victim live.

The slanderer, too, may just atone
For all his lingering, living deaths—
Worse, far, than murder done outright,
For poison lives beyond his breath.

But can the living wanderer thrive
Who o'er Time's waves must bear this blight?
Yes, Jesus will his footsteps guide,
And conscience pure reflect its light.

FATE.

A firm believer in the rule of fate,
My first example shall be quoted from the great,
The proud Napoleon, Emperor of state,
Whose rank and dignity fell a prey to hate,
Who, swelled with an avaricious love of power,
Grew like some Asiatic plant, and perished like its flower.

But mark to what end his selfish avarice tends,
For to injured innocence the guilty must make
amends.
See Josephine, raised to immortal fame,
For countless millions her memory retain;
A nation's honors her distant heir has blest.
While all there is of him must with his ashes rest.
Could Josephine go down with broken heart
And to her posterity no rank impart?
No. View Hortense's son—the hapless child
To whose barefoot dancing happy seamen smiled—
Fitted at last with her mother's altered shoes,
That she this ocean party might still amuse.
Is there no overruling fate in this?
Or can mortal now the interpretation miss?
See her proud son, the President of France—
Was it for this she joined the ship-deck dance?
Nay, watch that mute mother, in silent devoted
prayer,
With true mother's yearnings for that distant heir.
Was there no fate to intervene in this?
Who studies fate and yet that fate can miss?
See her proud offspring, reared and crowned for
state,
While his has proved an heir to a preposterous fate;

Not that by prediction I claim hers to be great,
Or that his should have been heir to this preposterous fate ;
But to speak this language to a numberless world,
That through justice injustice must be hurled.
See Kings and Emperors and Princes fall—
Founded in envy or hatred, if at all—
And see rank and honors from goodness arise ;
Then doff your enmity, and true goodness prize.
Judge not, but watch to see the weight of woe
Or weight of worth God to the good bestow.
Do we not often, in creatures less than Kings,
Se justice balanced, from man down to insect wings ?
Enough that God the acts of all surveys,
And good or bad for all some truth portrays ;
Shall man with ignominy stamp the face of man,
Unless by some proof he shall sustain his plan ?
Should religious motives which he deigns to bear
Teach him suspicions should in his judgments share ?
Nay, guilt should first be by impartial witness proved,
Then in the judgment should be mingled love ;
Lest judges are judged by that avenging rod

That owns for its judgment an Omniscient God.
Man in his folly is oft cut down at noon,
For his day of prosperity often arrives too soon ;
Or in prosperity is stripped of his display,
For his noontide splendor is too bright a ray.
So it is too often with rancorous, envious pride,
Which sails too fast to keep within the tide ;
Thus Nature points it in the book of fate,
And death winds up the great or small estate.
Then why such envyings, bickerings, strife,
When the present hour is all we claim of life ?
Why not in charity, in harmony in love,
Live here expecting we may meet above ?
'Tis God to judge the innate acts of mind,
And by redeeming love the best must be refined.
Christ showed the possibility was small
To save the great, while he the humble calls.
The great and noble have their place in wealth ;
The poor may ope them if 'tis not by stealth.
They in societies may form for love,
Temperance and Odd Fellows, or whatever they approve ;
May hold their pastimes, weddings, wakes and fairs,
Yet to immortal greatness may be rightful heirs.

Although the rich in prouder circles move,
They are seldom envied and can scarcely love.
And envious, lurking passion to be great
Are found in atoms as they're found in State;
In the stone that lies encumbered with the moss,
And mineral world, accumulating dross,
And vegetation reaching for the skies,
While birds and insects from flight to flight arise.
Winds, frosts and snow to upper regions hie,
And fishes, sporting, the highest water try,
And sometimes sporting are by the angler caught;
Birds by the sportsman from their heights are brought.
Vegetation by nature or by man brought low,
Teaches us that all to the Creator bow;
While winds pressed on by frost condensed and air,
In the rude whirlwinds or the tempest share.
All things are limited to God's infinite power—
Man in His image, imperial dower;
For man, save in nature, to be God-like,
A solemn impress on his heart must strike;
And, like the crude metals we so dearly prize,
In the pure refining all the beauty lies.

A RETROSPECT.

'Taint worth my while to fever now,
Or tune the Poet's lyre;
Fame's golden sandals I can wear,
Wrought by artistic sire.

Sweet melodies are now attuned
Each prosperous heart to woo,
And in the eager strife for song
To soften sorrow too.

Yet will I yield my dearest strife
To vanity and pride,
When hopes of heaven and joys of earth
Are ranged within this tide.

Nay, I can never yield the palm
To indolence and ease;
'Twould never soothe my weary woes,
Or lurking strife appease.

That vital spark, whose embers warm
Will never cease to strive,
While memory with this heart of mine
In peaceful concert live.

HOPE AND TRUST IN GOD.

How blessed is man when simultaneously through all the secret breathings of his soul he relies on God, and contemplates in all the fullness of his faith his trust in his Redeemer, lives upon his love, and sees through all his Maker's works a beauty yet sublime. He moves erect, regardless of all the pride and pomp of earth. What virtuous majesty in his bosom burns. Then fearless, too, he onward moves, and loves his neighbor as himself. Then happily he his vocation fills—whether to feed his flocks or fertile lands to till or other occupation as usefulness direct—and in all his acts are holiness and love, tempered with that meek, pungent grief for faults which God approves, and is working its way in purifying strength to purge from sin, and through redeeming grace to secure a place at God's right hand where angel songs await his coming feet to give him welcome and fill his soul with overwhelming love.

What rapturous joy! In heaven, at rest from all the doubts of sin and sorrow here below to occupy a place among the blessed inheritors of

God's own patrimony. Then where's the goading stripes of earth, mixed up with all its vain deceit its pain and sickening sorrow, too, and love of life and dread of death, to chill the poor desponding sinner's heart? 'Tis here below, lashed to the worldling's best estate. Woe then to wealth and all the gaudy trappings here on earth, where man a prisoner dwells in slavish fear of all save God alone, and love for none but self—aping some selfish whim or hugging some fancied scheme, which, as the loadstone, draws him on to interminable woe! None envy this strange fate. Who could that e'er on bended knees, beneath hope's brightening rays, had felt in moving love and gentlest whispers God's holiest gifts of love and grace secure his hopes within?

Blessed moment! oft returned to feed the hungry cravings of the soul, for which no earthly food is meet. But ah!—from thence to raise to feel the bitter pangs of life, sorrow, distrust, envy and hate, and cold and hunger too; and more, the piercing moans of children asking bread, and none to give, with hardly grace, at times, sufficient to ask for strength to bear this weight of woe. So weak sometimes is woman, that doubts arise and weakness fill the soul; but then a sunny morn

will come and roll repentance on like floods of light, and that which shrouds the soul in gloom to-day, shall be its joy to-morrow. For hope can bid the murmuring heart be still, and solace in anticipation's blessed security her hopes for heaven. The truant mind, like a school-boy, wanders back to days gone by to dwell at times with sorrows past, though torn from memory's grave. Who would not wander from luxury to scenes of poverty, to where unshaken principles of faith in sweet redeeming love have bound each living tie to trust in God? yea, where gaunt hunger gathered near, and glittering frost was waving in the sunlight and where night drew on and evening hung her spangled banner o'er the earth, and still no succor came? then o'er the dying embers of a flickering flame a mother nerves her feeble frame to ply her task till all is finished—another scant supply is earned; and then, with humble prayer, she nestles close beside her little ones to rest till morn. Then with what tranquil hope she burns the straw that softened her rude couch, to warm her little ones and thaw the crusts that should sustain them yet another day. Bright, flickering flame! no brighter than the hope that cheers frail woman on to love and duty. Blessed,

holy Sabbath day—so often mourned and passed. Solemn indeed the fast when we're compelled to wait for food; yet joyous to go back where sorrow's wasting seeds were sprouting into life for an abundant harvest. And O! for the tranquil joy and blessed acceptance, tempered with God's rich grace for all his mercies here below. Who would not watch again the coming morn to witness with what silent joy the festive board is spread? one quart of meal and luscious extract of the cane is as a stalled ox in all the pomp and pride of epicurean feast. Then with what love-thirsty eyes that mother feeds her sight on scenes like this; then bears to God her thanks in spirit meek that none but the truly blessed can feel.

DESPONDENCY.

When o'er our hearts the midnight hangs
That forms 'neath fell despair,
And all the woes that rend the soul
Dissolve in liquid air;

Then glory, like a swelling tide,
Breaks in through sorrows course,
And all the innate acts of love
Lie bosomed in remorse.

We tread again those paths of woe
Where fell despair was wooed,
And by the lucid light of love
Stroll o'er the waste we strewed.

But in the rich perspective of
The joys the blessed must feel,
We shrink away to hide the faults
Our want of strength revealed.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Who feels the just responsibility of this injunction? Who feels how often it means we should shrink away within ourselves to give place to others or to yield a favorable position to a friend or even an enemy? Who does not abide the law rather than his own conscience? We feel the warm blood flow; propelled by our exulting natures, towards self, when we have practiced some little self-denial, or, perhaps through love of applause, yielded some favorite position to a superior or some particular friend. But who has joyed in his heart that he has had the mighty conflict in his own bosom, and finally triumphed, of seeking an

enemy and bestowing upon him an emolument that he would be able to appreciate, or who has devoted his time and talents solely for the purpose of doing good, or set apart a share of his abundance for the benefit of the needy and unfortunate? Or who that has given employ to the honest laborer that has not required the last effort, whether or not he was able to give the required satisfaction, (without jeoparding health, or mayhap absenting himself from those who were languishing at home anxiously wishing his return) or withheld from their sufferings all that he was not in the strict sense of the engagement bound to repay? We know that there are exceptions to this general rule, yet how many there are who take advantage of honest poverty to fatten on their very groans, and how many there are who allow themselves to frown at a poor laborer for hastening to leave his work when the happy hour has arrived that he is accustomed to wend his way to the little family circle that constitutes the all of life with him.

Christ has been annointed with the precious ointment and passed away from earth leaving the poor whom he has declared should always remain,

and in remembrance of His wise consideration ought we not often to gladden their hearts, a fulfillment of the obsequies of redeeming love?—Must we not feel deeply the impressions of these holy injunctions? Can we pass over them unthought of? And how inconsiderately do people complain of the worthy mechanic because he does not meet his engagements as does the millionaire the affairs of his purse, which quite too often another's grasping avarice has placed at his control. And some have even tried to impeach them for failing to fulfill their engagements made to secure that sustenance which nature so rigidly requires; but let them bring home to the door of their own consciences their pressing necessities and the danger of the opportunity's passing by to secure the fleeting prize which must be another's if it should escape, coupled up with the various wants and ills of mechanical life—surrounded, too, with liabilities which must jeopard a business reputation if they are not promptly met, and they will not chafe and fume and disparage the conscience-bruised, goaded mechanic, who, amid his daily toil and sleepless nights, is buoyed up by the very energy he seems to be wasting. And with a common un-

derstanding, unless arrested by despair or ill health, no statemanship will compare with the brilliancy of his career. He rears and sustains a family for usefulness and honor, accumulates a little fortune quite sufficient for their necessities, and his sons and daughters walk forth into fashionable life with more good sense, a better reputation, and more likely to fill exalted stations than the haughty, overbearing sons and daughters of the millioniare, who have been fostered in the lap of careless indolence and ease, however much they may recoil from the term mechanic. They understand the miseries and sorrows of life as well as its luxuries, and are prepared to go forth to mingle their sypathies with the unfortunate, and instead of mani festing the spirit of irony and control, they will endeavor to mitigate the accumulated ills of life and the suffering of the unfortunate. This is the balm of liberty, and they the true pioneers and champions of democracy to whatever party they may chance to belong; and from such does come the budding promise of reform. The very word mechanic should have a broad significance. It is to do, to act, and refrain from doing, to make the beginning and end of days meet as well as things;

and it is even to begin and end an honest life, for honor, honesty and virtue are refined by the machinations of the mind. The pious minister is mechanical if his labors are productive; else let the simplicity of truth be its own teacher. The statesman is mechanical, although with an aristocratic significance he would term it political; yet in the machinations of his gigantic mind there is all the skill in forming a constitution of laws that hurries the overtasked brain of the laboring mechanic, and very many are still to learn to which of these should belong the greatest abundance of happiness even in this life. We can realize how readily the grasping aspirant will catch at emolument, but most willingly would I leave it to the prosperous to decide which should claim the pure, unalloyed happiness. The proud advocate of our rights and privileges most mechanically plies his energies and abilities to the nice discriminations and various intricacies of his profession. The salesman, too, is mechanical, and must enter mechanically into the spirit of his calling to realize prosperity. Yet there must be seed time and harvest for the mechanic as well as the humble tiller of the soil; his plans must be mechanically

matured, and all should forbear as much as possible to infringe upon his arrangements. I would by no means foster neglect and indolence, nor weaken the obligation all owe to each other; but let all abide the law of their consciences, for by the law comes transgression; and we read that he that provides not for his household denies the faith and is worse than an infidel. The mechanic casts his bread upon the waters; and while he waits in all the uncertainty of hope, he must patiently submit to all the buffettings of time, and amid the world's rude storm be often tempest-tossed. They are the budding promise of enterprise and improvement, and on the wings of improvement comes a tonic for reform and virtue for this our hale American people, healthy in arts, in science, in virtue, and in religious sympathy and love. Ready, too, to meet the flooding tide of wild, emigrating foreigners, who come nude as it were to our shores, touching the great mass of mind, from countries that make a boast of their improvements and advancements in civilized life, whose very watch-word should be oppression and tyranny above the heads of their unenlightened millions. Let them come, and may God give them grace, and our institutions wisdom, and may firmness of purpose be their guide to virtue.

TO MRS. DE KROYFT.

Lady dear, oft I turn my mind
To thoughts of thee, that thou art blind;
Yet as I stray me o'er thy page,
Thy sorrows my whole soul engage—
Then kindred waters move.

I feel the love within thy soul
Which does thy spirit meek control,
And guide thee to an angels hand,
To lead thee on o'er earth's cold strand,
And fill thy breast with love.

I need not ask of kindred worth
A place beside a genial hearth,
Or home in every Christian's heart,
For Christ will circumscribe the chart
To limit thee thy bounds.

They will extend to every heart
Where Jesus ever claimed a part
For his redemption in the skies,
From whence his holy incense rise
To waft our thanks to God.

There is no blindness in the soul—
Jesus' pure love will light the whole,
And, as the beacon for mariners stands,
To guide you to the promised land
Where milk and honey flow.

Go on, and in thy love-bound course
May God, the ever living Source,
Dictate thy heart and guide thy feet,
Till angel missions are complete
To guide thy soul to Heaven.

HUMAN NATURE.

Tell me who will bear our sorrows,
Who, our losses will sustain,
Who will bear for us our burthen,
Who will not of us complain?

Jesus meekly will our sorrows
Promptly by his tone sustain,
And He will buoy the humble spirit
When all earthly friends refrain.

Who will feed us when we hunger,
  Who will lave the burning brow,
Who will plead with God for mercy
  To restore a forfeit vow?

O, it is the faithful Christian
  Will sustain an aching heart,
And, amid the world's affliction,
  They will always have a part.

When the fevered pulse is beating
  Beneath a burning, anxious brow,
'Tis the gentle hand of friendship
  That can cheer thee then or now.

And none but parent, wife or sister,
  Or some humble Christian friend,
That would plead with God for mercy,
  Can the sin-sick soul defend.

Where's the friends that fortune gave you
  When she wore a smiling brow?
They are gloomy in the distance—
  Misfortune drives them from you now.

Where's the hand that is not reaching
  To a more prolific place?

Where's the heart that's not aspiring
For a more exalted space?

O the hand that is not reaching
Is chained to an honest heart,
Pointing forward to God's mercy,
And every day secures his part.

And the heart that's not aspiring
Must the love of Nature feel;
And, amid the world's rude tempest,
It a tranquil mind reveals.

THE DREAM.

As I in dreamy slumbers lay,
I saw a sunbeam o'er me stray,
And all within was light and love,
Which by the spirit I would prove,
To test the joys I felt.

For angels there in spirit throngs,
With harps of burnished gold—and songs
And heavenly anthems, so sublime,
Were sung beneath the holy shrine,
That angels, veiled, adored.

Then, as I rested in delight,
A gleam broke o'er the spirit's might,
And I in rapture caught the love
Which in my soul a hope could prove,
Bright, radiant as the sun.

This light was as the sunbeam lies,
Just tipped with beauteous rainbow dies,
And all was as if liquid light
Had turned the gold to brilliant white
And diamonds lustering hue.

Then, as I lay transfixed in love,
A seraph pointed me above,
Where Jesus all this love portrayed,
And then, to speak as I assayed,
I broke this heavenly charm.

OF THE MIND.

I will strive to treat you of the mind
Within, which is so much inclined
To arbitrary sway;
A shapeless, helpless, termless nerve,
Which terminates as others swerve,
And vibrates o'er the whole.

This soft, this fleshy, pulpy part,
Though terminating at the heart,
Must be the seat of life;
And as it changes from this mass,
Back it will in silvery torrents pass,
Just like a liquid light.

It forms a stream like flooding rill,
Unseen it can the system fill,
With life inspires the whole;
It gives sensation to each part,
It is connected with the heart—
From thence is sudden pain.

The heart conveys it to the blood,
And from this grand, prolific flood
It is sustained and fed;

And when, from sudden grief or pain,
The heart will not this mass sustain,
The breast is rent with pain.

From thence it mounts up to the head,
And with the brain would seem to wed,
Or hold it in control;
It is the love, the light, the whole,
And in the center is the soul,
The pure, enlivening stream.

It works as would a smothered fire,
And warms to life each soft desire,
And animates with hope;
And as it breaks upon the sight,
It floods the soul with liquid light,
And mirrored beauty brings.

It joins the nerves that pierce the heart,
And shields each other inner part,
And stimulates the brain;
And when the stomach sickens deep,
It does retire to prostrate keep,
Or loses its control.

The same when faintness o'er you steal—
It dies within, or does conceal,
Both tranquil and resigned;
And when returning sense inflates,
It does this mystic mind instate,
More brilliant than before.

It makes us to our fate resigned,
Then restive, cannot be confined
Nor reconciled to fate;
But sure it is the all of life,
Begins and ends all feud and strife,
And sometimes is dethroned.

The centre part, on which we turn,
The chime that makes our bosoms burn
With pure, celestial fire;
And as it o'er the vitals rolls,
It rolls o'er all, propels the whole,
And bids our bodies move.

Back as it tapers to the mind,
To all that's thought, it is inclined
To elevate the soul.

Soul is the center of the mind.
Holy and pure, by God designed
To bear it home to heaven.

When we in dreamy slumbers lie,
This sleepless spirit cannot die,
But shows its pure estate;
And when our bodies in the dust
Must wear away, corrupt and rust,
'Twill wing its way to God.

It has its origin in mind,
Was by the great "I AM" designed,
His glory to enhance;
It was the work not made with hands,
But beckoned forth at God's commands,
And must to him return.

It is the pulse that moves the mind,
Yet never was by God designed,
Nor cannot fade away.
See all the moving, rising storms,
That rend the breast like piercing thorns—
'Tis anguish of the mind,

Fraught with the passions armed with woe,
With misery deep and sorrow too,
And ending in despair;
Then back to struggle o'er the whole,
Till, in the center of the soul,
It meets the fount of love;

Then feel the joys that rise from thence,
To rouse the innate life of sense,
And dies the soul to charm;
Till, as the dreamy whisper strays,
It o'er our senses softly plays,
To seal the soul for heaven.

Not as the ruder blows would come,
To turn our exiled bodies home
To mingle with the dust;
But as the gentle, soothing hand,
Or as the mystic, magic wand,
Would touch present to prove;

Or, as the gentle, parting glance,
That o'er the dying features dance,
Filled with a heavenly love.

Love is the joy that swells the soul
For God or man beyond control—
A pure, extatic bliss;

Love is the light of spirit fire
That lights to rays each soft desire,
And illuminates the soul;
It is the holy light of heaven,
And from the love of God 'tis riven,
Christ's diadem to form.

Angels must bow before its ray—
Eclipsed would be the open day
Beneath this halo sheen.
Let man be calm—contemplate all—
The mind, the light, the love, the soul,
Which doth his bosom warm.

MY FLOWERS.

Hail roseate flower! Come, let me gaze upon
Thy beauty yet. Nay, lend thy gentle breath
To mine, and, as thy beauty dies,
Let me inhale fresh odors from the expiring
Agony of life with thee.

Immortal thought! a life that sweetens
With the expiring agony of nature!
Fit emblem of that living love that brightens
As the lengthened shadows of objects gather near
To bless its setting sun.

O mingle with the love that in my bosom lies
Clogged with such cumbrous load of life,
And death, and sense, and flesh and blood,
And all the lesser ills that there
Pertain to life.

And these, mixed up with those chimerical germs
Which sprout from thence, and with the light
Of love and beauty twined. And, richer still,
Those mellow rainbow tints, that seem to smile
In open face of day, and tell that angel shrine
Was shielded there.

HOPE.

There is a well within my soul,
A source of pure delight,
Whose waters all the woes of earth
Can never serve to blight.

For in this love a heavenly shield
And garniture portrayed
Must o'er the secret acts of mind
Be in ready voice essayed.

God does not ask for sable robes—
It is our love he seeks;
Deep in the inner soul of man
This precious gem he keeps.

He does not ask that in the face
We mock before his throne;
But from the secret depths of soul
Our sacrifice be borne.

Faith on the shoulder ne'er can ride,
But in the secret heart;
And through the cherished springs of love
She must her joys impart.

A DIALOGUE.

Fidelle. Good morning, George.

George. Good morning. [*Exit.*]

F. Well! Ah, he could not once have passed me thus. But see the prosperous look he bears along. And I, how frail and wan—and sad, may-hap, for disappointment wrings my brow to-day, and sorrow has crept into my heart, and there 'twould seem must still abide. And slander, too, with her taper finger pointing scorn, has singled me. But he—can he join in this silent scheme my heart to grieve?

Enter CHARLES.

C. Good morning, Fidelle. You muse alone —how's that? do you love solitude?

F. Yes, solitude's my guardian now, and thrice repays me for the wrongs I've suffered.

C. Yet you are fair as when the sunny sky of youth warmed o'er our joyful heads, and teach me to love you still, dear Fidelle! Pray, where's your husband?

F. For shame, Charles! do not treat me thus. Do not thus mix up love with sorrow, reproach and and hate; for I must add degrees of hate, if thus you sum up matters fraught with insult.

C. O, Fidelle, I would not insult you; but I have heard of late—

F. Hush! name not what you have heard, but call to mind the genial spirit of my youth—the youth you so profane—and find what good and evil flowed from thence; and between my love of all that's good and just and all you felt was crime, make true your mark—then judge from that.

C. Now tell me, honest, have you no secret love? Has nothing damped your soul but the rash conduct of a villain?

F. Nay, you must be serious, Charles—I have no words to waste in jest. I have been too often wronged—I cannot say accused. O God! who thought a day would come when I should be assailed with slander's tongue!

C. Fie on these things! the world must have its way, and I must profit by it. I am guilty—I—yes, and do not screen it. I care nothing, and fortune smiles on me; the dimes are thick as snow-flakes in my path, and I, with true confiding wife, can love another.

F. Oh Charles! 'tis open blasphemy to hear thee thus confess thy faults. O that it were true in spirit meek, and thou wert blessed with hope's illuminating love. But there comes George.

C. Just witness now his lofty step and haughty brow—a sickly fund for charity, so long monopolized. But—

Enter GEORGE.

F. Good morning, George. I spoke you once this morning, and so painfully lingered on the sound of that known voice I hardly could receive it a response.

G. Yes, these are wearisome days; and then I have so many thus to claim respect, from some pretense or other, it makes it tiresome.

F. And yet, 'twere never so to me.

G. Ah, I feel it, and you have erred therein. The world must never give too much to friendship's drafts, or poverty ensues, and then reproach and scorn; and believe me, Fidelle, I could but poorly bear this blight.

F. And yet, to do some little good while chance is left?

G. I do believe in faith, not works. I study to be faithful to my God, and it's more than I can do to deal with all the little affairs of men and creatures. But I must go—good morning.

F. Nay, George, when I shall meet you with extended hand, and you with all the tender sympathy of youth shall grasp my own, then shall I

joy to greet you, for I shall know that God has been dealing with your heart. Good morning.

C. There, Fidelle, what say you now of friendship? There's thy much loved Father's prototype of wisdom—he cannot brook contempt and scorn. And one would think he'd left his wisdom, too, with other guests save us; and I have often seen him play the hypocrite, and prate of love, morality and religion.

F. Ah, Charles, it is not late I found it thus. My much loved father would have chained me to this blight—this offspring of hypocrisy.

C. Ah! and he is rich.

F. I realize it so, yet would not sacrifice my conscience for all the ill got wealth that he'd ever possess. I felt my father's prejudice oft warm towards him; and yet, if I must be a slave, better I should choose my master.

C. I too, have dreads like that, and know full well 'tis hard to be compelled, and harder still to be guided, by a master repugnant to our choice. But is not this a cold, heartless world?

F. There are cold, heartless people in it, and a mixed multitude—cold hearted aspirants, grasping avarice, self-conceit, and professing Christians too —these are the deadly list; then haughty pride

and vanity, and criminals, and hosts of others, of whom the world are well aware, and therefore not so dangerous. Then the unfortunate and honest poor come in, who never need look up in the presence of these worthies.

C. A pretty catalogue, indeed! Come, finish your summing up, and let us have the whole—myself among the rest.

F. The Christian, Charles, of whom I would not speak but with a venerating awe, so full of life, of love, of hope—here is the link between God and a sinful world, and who in heart makes intercession for us. Yes, whatever be our crimes, the Christian bears the guilty weight of woe to God, and in an holy pleading seeks for our sin-sick soul's relief.

C. Truly, Fidelle, thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

F. Would to heaven, Charles, I could point you to your faults, and teach you how to look at them in their true magnitude; and feel you felt them, too, and feel you did feel that far off evil day that too, mayhap, may be near at hand.

C. O! I feel it; and oft a shudder passes o'er my frame in spite of my gayest humors. I

know a trying day will come and often feel it may not be distant.

F. Then look upon your faults—I will not say crimes, for I trust you are purer yet than some—yet look, and consult your better judgment; do not suffer yourself to pass an evil deed unnoticed; see to it that you cause no one to grieve; do nothing your conscience shall rebuke; look back on deeds already passed; think often of your dying Lord, and all the love and magnitude of Jehovah; think of a spotless life, a hopeful death, where the light of heavenly love can fill e'en the dying chamber with her halo sheen, and make her death damp wholesome as the morning dew.

C. I feel rebuked—what shall I do?

F. Seek God through faith, and he in mercy never will be deaf. Disband each thought that brings a cloud o'er conscience, and those loose deeds by which thy heart is lumbered up will soon remove where fruits for heaven will spring till all your acts by grand cement be joined to holiness and love.

C. Then will I grasp your hand. Already I feel that God 's been dealing with my heart. Good morning.

F. Good morning. Heaven bless you and nerve your heart.

A SOLILOQUY.

While straying o'er the woes of life
And quaintly viewing all its strife,
With sympathy I'm moved;
For, with the vices of the age,
We're prone to blot the future page,
For this the past has proved.

For where has pride e'er been inflate,
Where sin it did not quick instate
To propagate its kind?
Who does not of this worldly strife
Compound the mysteries of his life,
Or be to folly joined?

Who loves his neighbor as himself,
Or who has not some secret pelf
Or project still to move?
Who does another's faults reprove,
And still that erring spirit love,
An aching heart to soothe?

O, churlish nature! how we swerve,
Lest acts of sympathy should serve
To blight some vain self-love;

If I could ape another's whim,
And in a broader channel swim,
I could their flattery share.

She that nobly acts must nobly feel,
And friendship true must still reveal
A nature kind and rare;
So I must write just what I think,
And from those thoughts I ne'er can shrink,
Or clothe them in disguise.

So if my theme be quaint or sad,
E'en should you think me fool, or mad,
Or taken by surprise;
I must dole forth in strains of thought,
Just as 'tis from the fountain brought,
Or purified from theme.

For subject matter, themes and things
Must share the fate of men and kings,
And time must bear them hence;
Whether I am sad, or grave, or gay,
'Tis all a prattle by the way,
To swell this tide along.

Yet I a stream would still maintain,
That would my heart of folly drain,
And swell with worth my song;

As justice sympathy and truth,
Has been the watchword of my youth,
So may it guide me still.

And, as meek grace has claimed a part,
To cleanse and purify my heart,
May love those chambers fill—
And when my flight of time is o'er,
To peaceful realms O let me soar,
To drink in soft delight.

APRIL 16th, 1852.

Varying seasons, marked with wonder,
As onward to old age they roll,
Till o'er the weary pulse of nature
Time can scarcely hold control.

Varying seasons and scenes too varying,
In fleet succession on the wing;
Snow-flakes trespass on our borders,
Whence the daffodills should spring.

And still dread winter seems to linger,
As if some boding ill was nigh,
For in her searching frosty breezes,
Naught but winter seems to sigh.

Yet, when we turn to ages by-gone,
We seem to chide our unbelief,
And wander back o'er pages sacred
Through faith to guide us to relief.

Seed time and harvest is the promise,
Day and night shall test my love,
And, to replenish weary nature,
Summer and winter shall in turn revolve.

AN APPEAL TO THE MIND.

Come, mind, absolve some secret gift,
And let thy gems of thought pour forth,
For in thy vestibule of song,
The recreant fancy shares its growth.

Though wild from thence each strain is brought,
And discords harsh assail the ear,
Within her love-pent cells the soul
Will vibrate strains to nature dear.

And in imagination's shield
Will lull each fancied pang of thought,

And gentle whispers soft will steal,
Though with love's message ever fraught.

Come, calm this burning strife within,
And lave once more this feverish brow;
And deep within my ravished soul
Instate once more thy sacred vow.

The poet's pen with genial fire
May light o'er earth the seraph's course,
And from the innate depths of mind
Draw forth an ever living source.

But still the soul must be inspired
With an unbounded, lively hope,
To bear it o'er this earth's cold waste,
Which must through ages onward scope.

Come, let thy streams of love long pent
Pour forth in lucid torents free,
Till in immortal bliss of thought
Is formed of love a boundless sea.

ON SLANDER.

O. Slander! when will thy hideous surge roll back to overwhelm the baleful agitators of thy deadly scourge? For surely the blight of earth and curse of God must signalize the slanderer's doom, unless averted by repentance sincere and heartfelt. For, of all the evils that beset us here below, the infamous tongue of slander is most despicable in its effects. We may screen ourselves against a murderous assault, may secure our treasures against the midnight marauder of our premises, may by alertness escape the grasp of the assassin, by caution secure ourselves against the devastating contagion of disease and premature decay; but to the slanderer's infamous blight, however reluctantly, we must submit, till the unrelenting disturbers of our peace are arrested in their mad career by the interposing hand of Jehovah. For if the slanderer has acquired a dislike for your appearance, or an envy for your position, or a misapprehension of your motive, all the honor and honesty of his better nature is smothered in a de-

termined purpose to carry out his design. He conveys his ideas and ill collected objections to the thoughtless rabble; from thence 'tis conducted to the aspirant and would-be called worthy;—whence, with the most unhesitating scruples, it is adopted by the worthy, without ever investigating the character or intention of the victimized sufferers, till they are weighed down with affliction and disgrace; then who will esteem the effort commendable to restore them to society, even should they not be found wanting in all the essentials of religion and virtue. We need not cite the wisdom of the age in which we live, nor call to mind the follies of the past, nor brand with infamy in the association of imagination a panting future, to bring proof of the deadly phenomena, nor seek for it among the fallen of the earth, or in low places; for the superficial great and the professing good have chosen it as a stepping-stone to greatness —and we every day see people having no virtue to recommend them, or smothering it, if they have, for the sake of rearing an eminence from some one or other they can contrive to put down to base a temporary distinction upon, to elevate them for a time to something superior to themselves. And

scarcely do any escape the mighty and multiplying rabble that join to mingle in this most shameful scourge, forgetting that while they point the finger of scorn at others, that they themselves are the very outlaws of a crime that has long been deservedly condemned; forgetful that he that sinneth in one point is guilty of the whole. But we need not quote from Divinity on the gracious examples of a too often crucifed Saviour—these subjects have become too commonplace among them. Neither cite any of the just denunciations of this crime—their hearts, I fear, have become callous to the impression of admonition. And do we not often see them cut down in the midst of their corrupt machinations, yet bearing no warning to others who follow them with a lofty tread to that narrow place where they must of necessity rest from their folly and arrogance, turning to tread the same elevated ground that has sustained its fallen occupants, and fearlessly following on in the same course of wickedness and folly, till they are arrested by the interposing hand of Jehovah?—Blaspheming his sacred covenants by associating themselves with His grace and love, and as it were perjuring their very souls by openly transgressing

the very commandments they have subscribed to, and repudiating the holy examples of a Saviour; often securing themselves from merited justice by the machinations of falsehood, or screening beneath the purity of Christian charity, to the great discomfort of their humble brethren? Still popular this baleful sin is destined to be appreciated by the unthinking, who are caught in its unwary trappings as lovers of a present pastime.

O, ye that on profession of your faith do deign to make profession of love and meekness, and Christian charity, how do ye stand accused when in your lonely meditations within the home of prayer you do attempt to bear your pleadings hence for mercy; asking God to forgive you as you forgive others, with the sentiment swelling in your bosom of all your weak accountabilities to man?

STILL WE ARE BROTHERS.

O Brother, do not turn aside
To shun a sin-sick soul,
While o'er his weary aching heart,
Friendship can hold control.

What if his crimes be dark and foul
Or sin has steeled his heart,
For Jesus loves a sin-sick soul
O, ne'er from him depart.

Who knows but gentle words may guide
Him to a fount of love,
And to the hapless wanderers heart,
The joys of heaven may prove.

Perchance the heart from fortune's blight
Has got enshrined and cold,
And, too, when fortune proudly smiled,
It might have been too bold.

Mayhap an ossifying change
Had formed around the heart,
And Jesus is swelling the sin-sick soul,
This cartilage to part.

Virtue 's a plant within the breast
Which must be braced and wed,
And from some kindred earthly source
It must be sustained and fed.

Christ has His bless'd example left
That sin should be forgiven ;
Beware you forfeit not his love—
It is the light of heaven.

Though he a kinsman may not be,
Allied by blood nor fame,
Yet he a blessed Redeemer had
To cleanse his soul from stain.

And him a mother once held dear,
And smiled her son to press,
And all that mother ever had
As brothers Christ may bless.

A MEDITATION.

O man, in beauty and for love
God did thee consecrate above,
And in his love-pent bosom He
Did form thee, independent, free,
To make thee blessed and good ;

That thou might of earth's joys partake,
And all its sorrows learn to hate—
That in that joyous peaceful realm
His heavenly love should thee o'erwhelm
Like a refreshing flood.

The love in His rich bosom pent
A living Sacrifice has sent,
That all, through faith in Jesus' love,
Should drink His joys and reign above
In an eternal day.
Go taste the fount of that pure life,
That will thy bosom ease from strife,
Inflate thy mind and swell thy soul,
Beyond the power of sin's control,
And bear it e'en away.

The brightest jewels were not made
For those in sable weeds portrayed,
And sparkling wit does seldom cling
To those whence noble virtues spring
To elevate the soul;
But as the dews in jewels bright,
Hang clustering 'neath the damps of night,
So gathers freshness in the breast,

Where love must every virtue test,
And still the mind control.

We view poured forth the copious flood
Of all save that extremely good,
For which frail man impoverished lies,
And half the charms of life denies,
To satiate his pride.
Blessed is the soul when she can feel
The joys of heaven within revealed,
And that true light of beaming love
Which Jesus gives to own above,
To crown his hallowed bride.

THE DEVOTED BRIDE.

Come draw me a picture to my heart congenial,
And let me in the distance hide;
For the scene I would have presented
Is the inspiration of the youthful bride.

Give her in all her angelic beauty,
With the spotless robes and the jewels bright,
With her marble brow and placid features,
E'en the heart of stoic to delight.

Reclining pensive be her position
With the brilliant rays of the light of love,
Transfixed to that heavenly circling diadem,
Each bearing the purity of her soul above.

An angel hovering, pointing to blessings,
And doling secretly of sorrow too,
Lest in imaginative fancy
She soar from earth, angels to woo.

TO MRS. FRANCES BRIGGS.

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

Weep not that the flower on thy bosom thus reared,
By the rude blasts of fortune has never been seared.
It has gone, and the sorrow that 's swelling that sound,
Will linger on dreamy o'er that quiet mound.
Yet 't will spring up to glory in eternity's years,
For earth must be verdant, moistened with sorrow's pure tears,

And angels will foster this offspring of love,
And your bless'd Redeemer adopt it above.
Dear Frances, kind accents I'd breathe through
your soul,
But I feel that no sympathy your heart can control.
But listen in faith both tranquil and mild,
To Jesus in love-tones adopting your child.
I feel this rude cavity in your frail bosom cleft,
I feel this sad blight from the world's glory reft.
I feel this deep wound, and 'tis sad but to feel,
When my own heart so well knows it never can
heal.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE 7TH CHAPTER OF MATTHEW.

O for a consciousness within,
That I a dying mortal speak;
And I a dying world address,
And meekness from my Saviour seek.

Then should I swell each note of love,
And bless each weary anxious heart,
Each waning hope I would improve,
And strive with every sin to part.

Then with a telescopic eye,
My own rash faults I'd quickly scan,
Leave all the judgment to my God,
For he can deal in love with man.

I would not give my pearls to swine—
Ah, feel reproved for fear that I
Should make display of something pure,
That quiet in my heart should lie.

God says to every creature, ask
And I will of my grace impart,
And will a secret joy infuse,
Which shall like torrents swell the heart.

For, if the evil of your hearts
Will teach you precious gifts to give,
Will Jesus when His children plead
Refuse to let a sinner live?

Then whatsoever you would wish
That man should do to you, in love
Do ye the same them before,
For this the holy prophets prove.

Enter ye the straight and narrow path,
  But do not strive to choke the way;
For many meek and humble souls
  Will travel here you can't delay.

Beware of prophets false and vain,
  Who only strive to deal with man,
Jesus the Lamb must guide you home,
  'Twas for redemption he was slain.

Now ye shall know them by their fruit,
  Yet trust till it is fully ripe,
Then meekness should your judgments share,
  Lest sorrow to some heart you strike.

But when you find the tree corrupt,
  Just move its branches from your soil,
For it will cumber up the space,
  Although the ground it might not spoil.

Not all that rudely speak my name,
  Will I for blessing ever hear,
For if they profit not through faith,
  They cannot by their works come near.

For whoso heareth of my word,
And listeth not to build thereon,
Him will I liken to a fool,
Which built his house upon the sand.

And when those hearing what I say,
Shall meekly to my standard flock,
In wisdom I shall liken them
To those that built upon a rock.

THANKFULNESS.

O GOD! how I thank Thee for this sweet retirement from all the vain turmoils and follies of life. What sweet communion refreshes my whole heart. Not retirement from business, but from all the vanity and turmoils of strife and popularity, which through frailty, I might, mayhap, as well as many others, have fallen into. How does my heart expand with undulating love, which vibrates to love of life and all the charms beyond its ice-bound shores. Yea, the day has dawned when tranquility can cheer my soul, and in the distance omens

of pure joys to come. I have tasted deep the cup of bitter woe, but God does not willingly chastise; I feel the arm beneath, which has sustained the darkening cloud that hung with crushing weight to blight my worldly hope. But, 'tis only through adversity that I've been brought to feel the joys that cluster near my heart, and by the woes of life have learned to multiply the joys. How I bless the nameless love of heaven, that I was not forsaken by myself. How often, at the suspension of every hope, I mourned not, wished not, anticipated nothing; almost as it were letting go of life, looking steadily on the eclipsed glory of my little universe of circumstances, till some cloud would break away—then with what trembling joy I seized again on life and hope, and from my weary soul the gladsome song of humble thanks that I'd been spared from wicked desecrations, warbled forth till all within was peace and love. Then with what thankful prayer I made my weak amend for all God's care and kind sustaining grace and wisdom to protect.

THE SUNBEAM.

As once to write I had prepared,
With cheerful fire and room well aired,
A sunbeam o'er my paper strayed,
And, as it danced, my hand I laid
To hide its brilliant hues.

But instantly it rose above,
In my sad aching heart to prove,
That all within my bosom swelled,
Would yet through time by love propelled,
Burst forth beyond control.

So 'tis with mind both true and pure,
Naught can it from its beauty lure,
Its jewels bright must be portrayed,
True as the dancing sunbeam played
Above a withered hand.

That seraph fire that lights the soul,
Will burst and burn beyond control,
As sunbeams o'er the waters roll,
And will that inner fire unfold,
To light our paths to heaven.

Though jarring discord here, and strife,
May triumph o'er this waning life,
Christ gives a joy within the soul,
Which like the sunbeam lights the whole,
And never can be strayed.

APRIL 20TH, 1852.

Still winter lingers, rather waning
In the unconscious lap of spring,
And many agonizing struggles
Every day essays to bring.

Sometimes smiles like one departing,
Doth expand the angry brow;
Yet with her hardy rigid nature,
Winter could not yield till now.

Now the panting struggle's over—
Though waning, yet she may not leave,
Yet the friends we're now consoling,
May give vent and nobly grieve.

For the Prince has sent His offspring,
Although in infant strength he comes,
He will give His balmy fragrance
To our exiled snowstorm's home.

TO LADY FRANKLIN.

Lady dear, thy heart's pure anguish
Sorrows deep in mine awake,
And I linger on in sadness,
Of thy joys to yet partake.

Oft I linger, hope despairing,
Then I nerve my heart again,
Still to wait while chance is sharing,
In thy bosom rent with pain.

Does the God of Wisdom strengthen
That pure nerve which naught can blight,
Or has he sealed thy doom in mercy,
In a never ending night?

Nay, I feel it swell my bosom,
God would not inflate thy mind;

Instinct forms the tie of nature,
To thy fate be yet resigned.

I see thee bow thy head desponding,
By that pure light instinct reveals,
Then see thee roused again to action,
By a power thy love conceals.

But when all thy hopes are waning
And Jesus gives thee peace within,
By promise he will give in mercy,
That pure spirit free from sin.

For God will spare the unbelieving,
Though far remote, companion dear,
When the heart of wife is yearning,
Between pure hope and boding fear.

Then yield thy will to His resigning,
He will with joy thy bosom fill,
And with tones of blessed redemption,
Jesus every nerve will thrill.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Set not thy face against a foe,
  Lest in his secret heart,
He feel relenting sorrow too,
  And Jesus bear a part.

For we may often entertain
  Some angel in diguise,
That to the naked wondering soul,
  Might take us by surprise.

Take heed, that Jesus does not say,
  When you present your claim,
Whence are you then, I know not you,
  I never had your name.

O, we have set within thy courts,
  In sumptuous array,
And many a sin-sick, dirty soul,
  Lord, we have kept away.

Then shall He say to you, depart,
  It is the poor I love,

Ye cannot in my sacred courts
Be registered above.

Beware that grace is not a name
To shield you in your pride,
For, in the courts of heavenly love,
Each sin will be descried.

CONSCIENCE.

Doubting faith still seems to linger
In the recreant breast of man,
Don't believe it, is the answer
From the multifarious clan;
I can read of men and matter,
Deceptions, fraud, and unbelief,
But to read of things eternal
Haunts my soul with secret grief.

And they tell me of the poet,
And heavenly inspiration love,
But this is borrowed from great authors,
Our inward sympathies to move;

They treat me of celestial glories,
  Above, beneath and out of sight,
And these recreant descriptions
  Haunt my fancies day and night.

But 'tis all a lucid figure,
  Borrowed from the works of men;
But these works have had a being,
  Where, O, how, who from, and when?
Has not God, through man portraying
  All his works to be divine,
Formed within a seat for glory,
  For these beauties so sublime?

Has not he through ages dreary,
  Strengthened us through grace and love?
And does he not the secret conscience
  Prompt to seek his courts above?
Yes; and the poet's recreant fancy
  Fans the flame of inward hope,
And gives this glory inexpressible,
  No earthly joy could with it scope.

But 'tis folly to believe them,
  For it's deceptive, fickle, vain,
They tread within those haunts of fancy,

Just for pride, applause and gain.
Nay, there's something whispers near me,
There is a heaven and sacred love,
That there 's a God and a Redeemer,
Angels and light, and heaven above.

NATURE AND SPRING MORNING.

O, sleeping, waking, bursting nature! what dost thou not portray, to captivate the longing, insatiate, loving, hating, laughing, sorrowing, proud, prolific heart of man? Image of his own redundant nature, always ready to bring forth love or hate, or rouse the bickering of strife or envy, or jealousy, to foster murderous designs or that pure extatic bliss which twines through systems to the love of heaven to animate his soul, and too, at times to let him taste the wonders of a Deity.—Come forth to this glad heart, and humble as it feels and small within, yet let it taste thy joys. In the first pure note that rises on the waking breath of morn doth faintly come the gladsome sound of spring. Come verdant herbs, and clothe the earth again

that nature laugh once more in gay attire. And flowers, transcendent beauty of the life that vegetation wears, come forth and breathe again the healthful breath of summer morn, that thy pure balmy fragrance may dance once more beneath the dews of night. Then dewy night beneath the mantling heavens combine with earth again and gentle showers, and then commute and spare the weary hand and watchful brow that screened thy beauties from the frost of death, and let us share the riches of thy proud prolific wealth. Where are the secret chambers that lock thy beauties from the eyes of man, O Nature?

Again I bid the first-born youth of winter's aged mother come. Nay, twain of earth, for thou wast formed to propagate thy kind, and in thy youthful prattle many rich melodies are joined to form the gladsome song of life with thee. The hum of human voices, the song of birds, the quick-timed music of the insect's tiny voice, the baying canine race from great to small, and cats and kits and children dear, and cooing of the doves—and winds that in the jetty angles of the haunts of men may strike a harsher note as if in voice of nature there must be passion too, to make her wisdom

tremble 'neath its tottering throne. Then from this din to rouse how gladly can we hail the tranquil sunny morn of Spring with her jewels bright arrayed. Her showers too, and after then her look of youth, and budding promise for sustaining life. That man may linger on till the day may come when he may feast his soul on anticipation's joys for never-ending Spring. Eternity, how long, where angel songs will glad our hearts, and the rich halo sheen of Heaven will ever be the fragrance of the morn, and where redeeming love will amply crown the glory of the whole.

O, healthful morn! still bear me on, although not joyous as when the sunny morn of youth did smile to give me welcome; yet with a gladsome heart, and as the wayside stream doth pass along, so let me pass, mingling the rays of hope that light my soul with other streams of love, more fitful still to bear us on, till in a fount of boundless love, transparent as the light of Heaven, we form a crystal lake, whose waters strife will never more essay to move.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I have felt all worldly sorrows,
Tasted grief in all its forms;
Have drunk too deep of pride and folly,
Have lived too long, amid life's storms;
And, as I've gazed on all its wonders,
Let me look within my breast,
To see if all within enacted,
Scrutinized, would bear the test.

And then, within some secret chamber,
Let me by myself remain,
While I view the dear deception
Which is reapt from worldly gain.
And when the great may think me weary,
From their fancied pure neglect,
Let me, solaced by reflection,
From their pride no more expect.

But the poor, when they're afflicted,
Let me linger o'er their grief,
And as far as love and counsel,
Let me give them sweet relief—
Yet when they shall cease to love me,
And may wish me to depart;
May I, in dread dismay beguiling,
Seal my sorrows in my heart.

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Erratum.—The word "this," on page 32, should be "his." The word "write," on page 31, should be "rise." And "e'er," on the 13th page, should be "e'en."

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